Wellesley College News

VOL. LIV | WELLESLEY, MASS., JANUARY 24, 1946 | NO. 12

Hope Addresses Phi-Betes Initiation Services

Bach's Past Disclosed In Leipzig Catacomb; Beer Vats Emptied

Robert Hope, honorary member of the class of '46, spoke on "Why Bach Never Left Home" at the initiation of the seniors elected to Phi Beta Kappa last week. Dean Ella Keats Whiting, president of the Eta of Massachusetts chapter of Phi Beta Kappa presided at the ceremony at Oakwoods on January 22.

While the initiates listened with Phi bated breath, Dr. Hope disclosed several obscure facts about Bach's private life which he unearthed while traveling through north Germany. Deep in the catacombs of St. Thomas' in Leipzig Dr. Hope discovered the old wooden vats in which Bach brewed the original Bach beer. This discovery, Dr. Hope, states, throws light on a problem which has long disturbed the musical world. The reason that Bach's cantatas are never over 31 minutes long may be attributed to the well established fact that the individual flavour and aroma of Bach beer is to be attained only by a gentle stirring with a ten carat gold Phi Beta Kappa key every 32.5 minutes. Bach, remarked Dr. Hope with a sigh, had a Pabst.

Dr. Hope concluded his lecture with a comparison. "Neither Bach nor I ever ventured far from a small aria. It would have been too painful for our friends."

In a discussion period following the lecture, questions were asked about other practical uses of the Phi Beta Kappa key. Dr. Hope said that he had used his as a teething ring, but that, if swung so as to describe a circle, it might cause hypnotism of the opposite sex. The latter use, he warned, is dangerous.

The speaker wrote his Ph.D. thesis on "I Never Left Home," receiving his degree from Paramount in 1942. He is a graduate of the School of Air Waves, and took his Master's at the Sour Bun. Dr. Hope was one of the first candidates for the Ph.D. degree from Paramount to be permitted to wrlte on so timely a subject as "I Never Left Home." Dr. Hope apologlzes for spending so much time in institutlons of higher learning, explalning that he could not go out into the world until his Phi Beta Kappa key stopped dragging.

In 1950
Wellesley will be 75 years old
There will be gay celebrations
There is work to be done
Be Prepared

L. S. A. Society Will be Open To All Hopefuls

"No More Tears in Your Beer," Says Founder, Miss S. T. Grizzley

Over three bottles of Dr. Pepper's, Miss S. T. Grizzley, house matron of Romeo Hall, announced to the Committee on External Changes, the founding of a new society, the L. S. A.

"I am sure," Miss Grizzley said, "that every loyal individual will want to avail herself of this new society which is to be completely open to everyone, the Lovesick Aid Society." We questioned the L.S.A.founder on her work. She sighed.

"For years it has heen my dream to bring to this institution some of outside world. No longer will this be called the White Tower. (Hamburgers must leave) L.S.A. has eliminated any cause for discomfort and other prevalent evils." At this point Miss Grizzley pulled from her satchel three balls of yarn, also a bottle of Dr. Pepper.

"I have opened headquarters on the fifth floor of Green Hall. Our motto shall be, 'Lovely advice at a lovely price.' We are organized to guide those who don't know the answers, and are affiliated with the Society for Recapturing Indiscreet Love-letters. At this point I would like to say that steep as our fees are they're cheaper than going to court." Then Miss Grizzley fell to knitting violently. She pressed a button, soft music, (strains of muted trombones) flowed from a cornucopa on the back wall. Har-

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 2)

"As You Like It" Will Open Tonight in Alumnae Starring Horton vs Horton

Horton and Horton

"You May Like it," Says Author Shakespeare When Reviewing Rehearsals

Slight confusion during rehearsals has not delayed Barnswallow's production of William Shakespeare's "As You Like It" to be presented tomorrow evening and Saturday evening in Alumnae Hall. As students are somewhat incommoded by exams, Barn has been forced to resort, after avid volunteering on their part, to the questionable talents of Dr. and Mrs. Horton in the leading roles. They are as follows:

Orlando ..... Douglas Horton
Rosalind
Mildred McAfee Horton
Oliver .....D. Horton
Celia ..... Mildred Horton
Duke Senior ..... Douglas
Phoebe ..... Mildred
Duke Frederick ..... Doug
Audrey ..... Mmmm.

The confusion during the rehearsals has been due to the fact that Douglas, after the first week, was called to Lorenco Marques to attend a conference on "What the Portugese Imperialists in East Africa Should Do About the Atomic Bomb."

"While he was gone," states the director, Captain Horton, "Mildred had to take over all of his parts and when he returned to Wellesley to find that she had been called to Washington to attend a baptism of the Waves, he had to take on hers for a while." Since Rosalind assumes the disguise of a man, though really a woman, things were quite muddled when Douglas, playing the part of Rosalind while Mildred was away, was not sure whether he should disguise as a woman disguising as a man or take a

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 1)

Island in Middle of Lake Waban Site for 100-Story Frosh Dorm

The erection of Wellesley's new Freshman dormitories officially began this morning at five-thirty when the entire college assembled to watch Mrs. Horton, out of uniform at last and garbed once more in her favorite blue jeans and grimy saddles, hammer in the first nail.

Plans for the dorm have till now been shrouded in secrecy, but your reporter has persuaded the architect—Mr. A. Gothic-arch of Gothic-arch, Gothic-arch, Gothic-arch and Sliderule—to give *News* the biggest exclusive story of the year. Mr. Gothic-arch, a very modest man, grinned in a modest manner and began by stating modestly that in *his* opinion *he* has designed the most sensational building of the century, but that of course he doesn't want any publicity for *himself*.

According to this eminent architect, these supermodern, guaranteed to-cost-twice-as-much-as-the-Empire-State-Building edifices are to be erected on the island in the middle of Lake Wahan. (The island is also to be erected.) They are to be symbolic of the "new era" in building—completely constructed of plastics and potato chips. Each dorm will be 100 stories high, with one room on each floor, providing four way ventilation.

To date the only opposition to this modern, postwar, reconstructed Wellesley and to the razing of all the ancient Freshman houses, comes from Miss Hepsebah Lovelace, class of '91. Miss Lovelace, according to latest reports, was still picketing the president's house. "Dear old Eliot," sobbed Miss Lovelace, "It sheltered me through a happy Freshman year. And I shall remain loyal to it as long as there is a breath left in this old body," she mumbled, taking her last breath and collapsing at our feet after 102 hours of solid picketing, broken only by one vitamin B pill and a dish of Indian pudding provided gratefully by the Eliot cook. One of the new dorms is to be named Hepsebah Hall in honor of this valiant alumna.

(Serious box inserted on request of War Activities)

National Clothing Drive for Overseas Relief
January 23, 24, 25
Warm Clothes, Bedding Desperately Needed

Framingham Cans MUD; Senior Novel 'Suggestive'

Literary Fruit of Senior Geologist is Published In Unripe Condition

"It's really quite simple," declared Kathleen Smith '46 when questioned about her prize-winning novel *Mud*, the first unfinished senior novel ever to be published by a nationally-known publishing house. *Mud* is also the first novel to be published during the first semester by an undergraduate geology major, auditing the novel course.

The revolutionary precedent which she has set, Kathleen asserts, has innumerable advantages over the old method of finishing a novel before publication. While the conventional novel can be condensed only to pocket or "bantam" size, she points out, novels of the caliber of *Mud* lend themselves readily to Big-Little Book form. When asked directly whether she had taken this factor into consideration in choosing a three-letter title for her work, Kathleen hedged. Said she: "*Mud's* title came to me during my 8:40 class in Fundamentals of the Complex Variable. Whether or not I was also thinking of Big-Little books at the time seems highly irrelevant."

Banana Symbolic

The story of *Mud* is a simple one, with universal appeal to humanity of all ages. Throughout its 18 warming pages, its heroine, Breathless Mahoney, young, lovely, and paradoxically in love, eats a banana. Kathleen's grasp of Breathless' emotions as she strips the fruit of its skin, inch by inch, spot by spot, shows exceptional depth and maturity. Her command of the language is evidenced in such passages as "Breathless bit off a piece of the banana, slowly and with an indefinable dread, and mushed it thoughtfully against her molars." Kathleen is especially to be commended for her astuteness in choosing the subtle symbolism of the banana and eschewing the tempting but all too obvious apricot.

The seemingly suspended quality of the last published page of *Mud*, in which Breathless is pictured, "her unremembering foot poised over the skin of the" is in reality not nearly so unpredic-

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 2)

Radcliffe Plays Bach, Bach Wins

Shattering all presidents in the extradition of the Wellesley College Concert Series, the Radcliffe string quartet resented a concert of chamber music yesterday forenoon at 2;40 in Tower Court before an audience of about four hundred and men.

Featured in the program were Debussy's "Afternoon of a Pawn", Haydn's "Sonata in A", and Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic Symphony." The second half of the musical included "Grand Canyon Sweet" by Ferdi Grofe, "The Empire Concertino", and Moussorgsky's "Pictures on Inhibition". Closing the recital was a magnificent rendition of "The Blight of the Fumble Bee". The choice of these selections shows excellent haste on the part of the ladies who vied with each other for favor with the remarkably worn and grateful audience.

Doctor Torbert Talks On and On and On . . .

Dr. Norbert Z. Torbert, Professor at Chase on Sanborn University, spoke last Saturday afternoon at 4:52 p.m., in the sub-basement of Pendleton. The subject of Dr. Torbert's lecture was "How Come You Do Me Like You Do, Do, Do—Or, A Study in Stuttering." The gala occasion was attended by a record crowd (including representatives of Victor Red Seal, Decca and Capitol).

Dr. Torbert, holder of 98.6 degrees, has spent a large part of his career traveling through the mysterious jungles of Africa, searching for a rare object, known as a "gat." Dr. Torbert cited, in his lecture, that his interest in this phenomenon was aroused when he overheard a conversation which hinted that "a gat could wipe out those jerks." Naturally, said the professor, jerky speech is quite unfortunate, and this search for the "gat" must go on.

At 11:15 p.m., the lecture was temporarily adjourned, so that those who wished to get into Boston in time to catch the 11:50

Note: If anyone finds a small

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ARE WE A PERCENT?

"To the people you meet this ring . . . distinguishes you . . . as a member of a SMALL, OUTSTANDING PERCENT OF THE WOMEN OF THE WORLD."

One cannot, of course, fully understand the challenge which this profound observation holds for the Wellesley student until one has analyzed the statement in some detail. To be properly appreciated it should, of course, be read aloud (slowly, and, if possible, reverently). The medium of the press rendering this impossible, however, we proceed with our verbal analysis. Naturally we are so overwhelmed with our own importance that this is difficult. But—planting our feet firmly on the ground, and wrenching our heads down out of the clouds, we pull ourselves together sufficiently to note that—WE ARE OUTSTANDING.

This means, of course, that we are conspicuous. (Webster.) Of course Wellesley girls are conspicuous. Anyone who has had to wear the regulation gym outfit that all Wellesley girls have to wear at one time or another is bound to be conspicuous. So it naturally follows that we are outstanding.

But *are* we a per cent? And, if so, are we ONLY A SMALL (little) PER CENT? Frankly, we are crushed. The word hardly seems commensurate with the reverent tone of the rest. But we do not complain. Rather we ask every CLEAR THINKING AND RESPONSIBLE (and of course outstanding) WELLESLEY CITIZEN (as our editorials inevitably do) to give this matter CAREFUL THOUGHT.

In the last analysis, however, we console ourselves in the knowledge that Wellesley women are WOMEN OF THE WORLD. But—need this really be said at all? Of course we are women of the world. Wellesley women have always been women of the world.

"THE HOUR OF CHARM"

There is one particularly precious aspect of our golden college years which we shall cherish in our memories throughout our lives. It will be impossible to ever forget the sweet quintessence of its beauty. For what is comparable to the enchanting expression of greeting the morning sun and rising from one's bed with an exuberance impatient for another new day at college? There is the mystical charm in that moment before complete consciousness when lying in bed we are suddenly pleasingly aware of faint, melodious bell ringing through the hall summoning us to seize the bright new morning. Then, refreshed by our long night of slumber, we fling back the covers to welcome Apollo and humming a joyful tune glide happily down the hall on our pre-breakfast errands. The companionship we feel for our fellows in this magic hour knows no equal. The sweet good mornings addressed to us in the bathroom are better than the trilling of birds filling our hearts with gladness. Our roommates smile cheerfully and make pleasant conversation as we dress leisurely for breakfnst. Ah, the deep wonder of the morning, the unhurried stroll to the dining room, the interesting tete a tetes while standing happily in line for three minute eggs! The animated table conversations, the eager discussions of the projects of the day ahead, each of us filled with zest for what is promised. We sit at breakfast, tinglingly alive, feeling a delightful warm glow spread through our veins as we thoughtfully sip our coffee. Ah, joie de vivre! This is truly the most exciting time of day. We feel as we look about at our friends, fresh and beautifully groomed, the sense of sweet anticipation which fill us all in the magic of the morning. Then, presently n gentle voice tells us that we are called on the house phone. At last, we sigh with relief, the business of the day is beginning. We reflect gleefully upon the many pleasant tasks that lie ahead waiting for our enthralled attention. When we return from the phone the dining room is empty but our coffee has been left by a thoughtful waitress.

What a beautiful morning. We drink our coffee contentedly. What a beautiful day to come. And then it suddenly occurs to us that there will probably be very little in life more glorious than these college days when glad and confident we arise to face the morning face to face. How sorely we shall miss them! Our only consolation is that we shall never, never forget.

"WHY SHOULD WE?"

There's no sense going to the library. You waste time getting there and you waste time when you get there wondering if you got any mail, and wandering around between the Brooks Room and the basement to fill your pen. I wonder if I have an exam tomorrow.

"This is stage number two of the Stork Club" . . . Well I'll leave it on just 'til I clear off my desk. I'm going to get right down to the bare boards. . . . Whew, it's dusty! Where would Jean have put the duster? . . . I'll use these socks. . . . I suppose I should rinse them out, it won't take a minute. . . . As soon ns this song is over . . .

The arm chair looks sort of comfortable. If I put my pillow in it the springs won't stick into me. I'll get just as much done sitting there. I can write on my typing board . . . notebook, ashtray, scratch paper, pencil . . . I'll have to sharpen it. I can't work with a dull pencil.

Let me see, I better finish up the last few assignments. . . . "Come in . . . good morning, Sadie. Yes, you may take the scrap baskets. . . . Of course you're not disturbing me, Sadie. No, I love foul weather . . . Did the radio say so? Well, that proves it's a lie. . . . Thank you, Sadie. Where wasn't I? This room is as cold as Billings.

9:30 . . . it can't be that late! The mail must have come. . . . I'll work a little longer and then I'll go down. . . . What's the sense of torturing myself? . . .

Why didn't I hear today? I wrote Wednesday and he should have gotten it by Thursday or by Friday morning anyway and if he'd written Saturday or even if he'd written Sunday I should have gotten it by today. Maybe the post men are having a strike in the south . . . maybe I said something in my letter that . . . I'm hungry. There's nothing to eat but raw cabbage. . . . Somebody must have some champagne. . . . Maybe Jane has some . . .

Jane is a good kid, but I still think horseradish is hotter than red pepper. . . . Did we talk for two hours. Oh, this is awful! This is really serious. I might as well go down to lunch. Maybe I better go to the library this afternoon.

"But I just can't seem to get straightened out in exam period!"

Beyond the Campus

Winnie Watkin '46

Congresswoman

One of the most absorbing and strategic subjects in modern American government is the growing trend towards the Four-Party System.

It is held by one well-known school of thought *that this emergence of the Four-Party System has arisen from a reaction by our men to the common European Many-Party System which evidently caused them and Europe severe indigestion.

Other theories on the origin of the movement include the suggestion that a small group of economists really took Buck Rogers seriously when he reported that Mars had been enjoying Good Government for the last 7¾*% $" (translated from the Martian, it means 17,000 years.) —all because of the Four-Party system. Despite the noble or infamous beginning of the movement, the fact remains that it is with us and we must face it. The lines between the four parties have already been drawn more clearly than those between those of its predecessors. The members stand loyally and courageously in the face of the Senators Rankin and Taft who are presently filibustering in a vain effort to keep Congress in continual session so that no new elections may be held which might bring into power the new System. The four parties are labelled, as you know, the *Birds*, the *Bees*, the *Flowers* and the *Trees*. (Their approximate stand on matters political reads from left to right.) The issues brought out by this division will, we believe, serve to clarify many puzzling aspects of modern life.

A salient clarifying aspect of the new Trend is the remarkable capacity of the four parties to agree upon the Objectives of Good Government. In fact, all four met in secret caucus recently, and an authoritative source hints that they have agreed on a new national anthem to be inaugurated as soon as one of the parties wins control of the presidency.

Enthusiastic backing has been given to the System by the Returning Serviceman who has been ably supported by college women. The College girls are organized under The Forum Committee for the Birds, the Bees, the Flowers and the Trees.**

It is rumored that the girls were urged to support the peaceful Four Party movement by a medicnl officer of the college who feared that the Infirmary would not be able to have enough throat spray on hand by the next time the election came around to treat all the expected broken nnkles.

On the whole, the movement has made striking gains. Only one disparaging comment has been found in recent literature, and since it is from a book that does not pretend to deal with polities, it has been largely put aside by the experts. Since it offers interesting and constructive criticism on the matter, we may as well quote it anyway: "Strange to say, the habits of birds and flowers have done as little to clarify the human scene as any other two manifestations in nature."

*The Overhoughfinerball School which has been expressed recently in an article in the June issue of the Inferno of Political Yourtellingme, pp. 35,680-70,999.

**The name of the college is suppressed because of a clause in the charter which states that under no circumstances may a Wellesley girl get her name or the name of the school in the newspaper. Since the indictment brought against the Boston Traveler by the Publicity Office, we newspaper people have been happy to co-operate.)

***Thurber, James, Is Sex Necessary? p. 123.

FREE PRESS

To the Editor:

I feel that *News* presents an accurate and stimulating picture of the intellectual occupation of Wellesley girls. I have observed, however, a certain inertia in a few isolated cases. Even in an institution such as this, every individual is important. It is clear to me that every effort should be made to help these few.

News could be particularly effective in ameliorating this situation by campaigning for the benefit of these few. I have heard that one of the better known places of learning, namely, Smith College, includes in its undergraduate enrollment a young man. While I was at first dismayed and shocked that such a thing as this could come to pass at a college with, after all, such a fine reputation, I realized that this revolutionary occurrence could very probably open the vista to an entirely new and more effective educative process.

It is generally accepted that men have achieved a certain standing in the world around us. They have succeeded in producing fine careers from their work at college, and have given these colleges distinction in the field of education.

To me it is therefore obvious that the presence of a Man working, studying and having classes with women is wholly stimulating. This competitive environment would urge the few who need an extra something to awaken their intellectual cravings to prove that their minds are as quick and as profound as that of the young Man.

This situation would provide the necessary goal without undermining the valuable assets of the life of a women's college. I hope fervently that you will adhere to my argument and aid me in any way you can.

Sincerely,
An Enlightened Sophomore

Abraham (Sunkist) Jones Slanders Columbus' Bones

Fignewton Scandal Revealed by Rameses Descendent; Iconoclast Blasts U. S. Traditional History With Deerhide Diary of Late Pedigreed Black Foot Indians

Dr. Abraham S. Jones, of the University of Cairo, has recently published his treatise on the discovery of America entitled, *New England Revisited*. Dr. Jones, whose ancestry stems back to Rameses II, conceived his passion for United States history during a visit to New England during the roaring twenties. Sitting in Goff's one evening over a glass of Sunkist orange juice, Dr. Jones happened to overhear the remark, made by one of the natives of Framingham, that his grandaunt had heard from an indisputably reliable source that the continent of America was not discovered by Columbus. As Dr. Jones stated in a recent interview, this remark precipitated him to "near strangulation on a stray orange seed." However, his intellectual curiosity was aroused, and, putting down his citrus juice and pressing his ear closely to the neighboring booth, Dr. Jones proceeded to eavesdrop, a custom started in Egypt during the year 1000 B.C.

Years later, in 1945, during his second trip to New England, Dr. Jones began to make investigations.

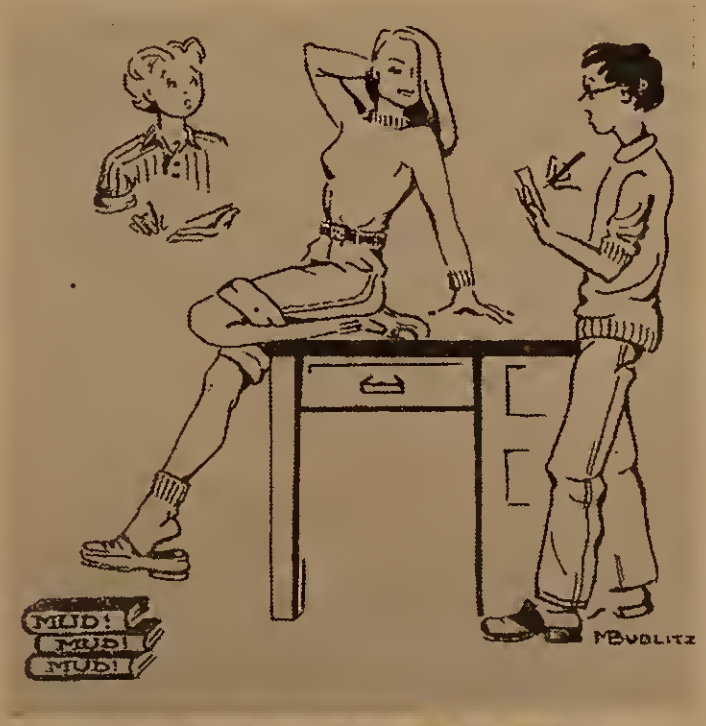
Beginning in Framingham, Dr. Jones, with a small pick and shovel, began to dig around for evidence. At the very entrance to the Framingham bus terminal, the great Egyptian historian discovered a small metal box, buried under ten feet of solid American soil, which contained a series of love letters from a full-blooded Black Foot Indian princess to an English lord living at Lumsley Manor on the Thames. Thorough scanning of the letters, which were written in the year 650 A.D., revealed a host of evidence so amazing that Dr. Jones, overcome by the emotion of the moment, remarked, "Odd, Bodkins!" Recovering a few hours later (Dr. Jones seems to have lapsed into a coma of some sort), he took out his pocket sized LC Smith and Corona typewriter and in a burst of inspiration, wrote *New England Revisited* in three hours and sixteen minutes.

Though the book is grammatically under the weather, the facts revealed promise to throw a bombshell into American historical societies, who still cling to the antiquated notion that Columbus was the first man to discover America. On the contrary—and Dr. Jones presents 50 pages of evidence to back this up—the continent was discovered by Lord Needham and his three sons Waltham, Dedham, and F. (i.e., "Fig") Newton. Lord Needham and his sons had started out on the 15th of March, 650 A.D. for a gay day of boating. Blown considerably off their course, they landed, two and a half years later, on the shores of what is now commonly known as America. They were befriended by the Black Foot Tribe, but despite the untiring efforts of Oona, the ninety year old medicine man, Lord Needham died a hideous death from over-exposure on the long crossing. His three sons, however,—stalwart lads all—fared considerably better. Waltham and Dedham, who had fallen head over heels in love with two toothsome Indian squaws, decided to remain in the new world. The Chief of the Black Foot tribe presented each of two Englishmen with a small village. Upon their deaths six months later from the steady diet of corn meal, the towns were named in their honor, and to this day, tears come into the eyes of the Black Foot tribe when the names of Needham and Dedham are mentioned.

Dr. Jones, ever thinking of the moral sensibilities of his readers, does not divulge the entire history of the third son, F. Newton. However, the clever reader, by climbing in-between the lines, can hack out the actual facts. F. Newton, it seems, was sent back to England in disgrace because of his relations with the wife of the head of the Black Foot Tribe.

The head of the tribe made matters impossible by sending the handsome Fignewton back to Lumsley on the Thames. Nevertheless, the Princess wrote to him for 55 years, spilling out her passion on deerhide stationery and promising undying devotion.

Upon the death of her husband, the Princess used her insurance money to build Fignewton in memory of the English lord she had loved so well.



"But how did you persuade them to publish it?"

Senior Novel -

(Continued from Page 1)

table as it might appear. Asked if she planned to publish a sequel, Kathleen again hedged. Said she: "Has anybody got a match?"

Kathleen "regrets with pride" that her novel has been banned in Framingham as "suggestive." "I am proud," she declared in an exclusive statement to *News*, "to be numbered among those writers who have been called to give their all in the fight for the freedom of every man to express himself according to the demands of his own soaring conscience. Breathless and I, in our own small way, symbolize those martyrs in every clime who Will Not Be Suppressed. Through the efforts, extra-legal if necessary, of all right-thinking Wellesley students, *Mud* will be made available to every man, woman, and child who desires it, even in Framingham. The flaming truth it voices cannot be kept down."

The Jot-Em-Down Co., of Pine Ridge, Ill., publishers of *Mud*, report that since its appearance last October more than eight copies have been sold.

Perry almost laughed himself into an angina when a Quad head of house at a house meeting: "Permission to have a young man in your room does not mean that you have a blanket permission."

Faculty Takes Outing, Plays Scarab, Ghosts; Forgets Wellesley Girls

Muslin Mask Worn by Professors as Means of Protection Against Their Leering Students

"There's nothing like a little freedom now and then," The speaker, wearing a white muslin mask, sounded faintly wistful. He touched his right ankle to his left knee, a very symbolic gesture. "That's why we set up the Shop Club." A pallid form appeared behind his elbow. "John," said a female voice. "God sees you."

This reporter would say that the man was close to breakage. Tearing off his white mask he faced his adversary. "Edith, this has gone far enough. I can't look at the mocking faces of my students any longer. We *must* tell them the truth. This," he shouted, pointing a trembling finger at your *News* reporter, "is our mouthpiece—our hope of salvation from empty suspicion." At his words a line of dim figures sifted into the gloom of the undisclosed room. "Education!" they chanted. Someone switched on a light—with a single gesture they removed their masks.

Edith disclosed that she was a member of the Composition Compartment. "Now you are going to be purged," she said, "of your pity and fear. The Shop Club will let down its hair."

Mr. Schwarz of the History Department stepped forward. "The Faculty Shop meets when it feels a collective urge to get away from the student body." A villainous leer crystallized on his lips. "This is one of those nights," he choked.

"Sometimes, when we really want to get away from it all," proffered Miss Seikel, "we go on an outing. Would you like to hear about the time we got stuck on top of Mt. Cardigan with only one sleeping bag for 51 people, a frying pan with no handle, and a can of onion soup? Bessie robbed a grouse's nest for us, and we had omelet."

"I hate to be late," said Bessie.

"To put ourselves in a tender, introspective, rather personal mood," said Mr. Heyl, a man of Heart, "we often play at 'scarab, scarab, who's got the scarab?" Incidentally, who *has* got it? I want it back."

"Want, want, want," said Mr. Procter, peevishly. "All the time, want, want, want!"

A gentleman from the Libel Department spake from the corner where he had been standing all night, hands clasped behind his back, eyes cast downward: "I think it's high time we got on to our game of Ghosts."

"Let's not count seven-letter words!" cried Miss Onderdonk.

Edith smoothed down her purple dirndl. "You don't mind, do you?" she said to yours truly. "At least you get the general idea."

"*News*" Prints Questions Which Proves 1915 Easy

The following Exam Questions faced Wellesley flappers, class of 1915 during exam period. (Footnote, Converse, Wellesley College 1875-1938, Have-to-Pay Bookshop, 1939, PP. 146.)

Philosophy:

"Translate the following into Kant, Hegel, Perry, Leibnitz, and Procter (not more than one page allowed).

" 'Little drops of water, little grains of sand Make the mighty ocean, and the pleasant land'."

English Literature:

Write an imaginary conversation between John Bunyan and Ella Keats Whiting on the Social significance of Beowulf."

"Do you consider that Browning and Carlyle were influenced by the Cubist School? Cite passages not discussed in class to support your view."

English Composition:

"Write a novelette containing: (a) plot; (b) two crises; (c) three climaxes; d) one character.

"Write a biography of your own life, bringing out distinctly reasons pro and con."

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Thurs.-Fri.-Sat. Jan. 24-25-26
BETTY GRABLE
JUNE HAVER
"Dolly Sisters"
RICHARD CONTE
FAYE MARLOWE
"THE SPIDER"
Sun.-Mon.-Tues. Jan. 27-28-29
HUMPHREY BOGART
ANN SHERIDAN
"It All Came True"
VAN JOHNSON
FAYE EMERSON
'Born For Trouble'

MAT. 2:00 — EVE. 6:30
ST. GEORGE
FRAMINGHAM
NOW THRU SATURDAY
George Raft
"JOHNNY ANGEL"
"GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS
with Joan Davis
SUN. THRU WED.
Paul Henreid
Maureen O'Hara
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"Dangerous Partners"
SUN.-MON.-TUES. Jan. 27-28-29
EDDIE BRACKEN - VERONICA LAKE
In
"HOLD THAT BLONDE"
—Also—
FREDERIC MARCH - BETTY FIELD
In
"TOMORROW, the WORLD"
Beg. Wed.—"Thunder Rock" with "Story of Vernon and Irene Castle"

STAGE
Lute Song with Mary Martin. Through Feb. 2 — SHUBERT
The Voice of the Turtle — PLYMOUTH
January Thaw, final week — COLONIAL
Crescendo, a new "murder-with-music" drama with Nance O'Neil, Ralph Morgan, Neil Hamilton. Through Feb. 2 — WILBUR
The Trapp Family, Sun. aft., Jan. 27 — JORDAN HALL
Boston Symphony Orchestra, Sun. aft., Jan. 27 — SYMPHONY HALL

IN PROSPECT
"Deep Are the Roots" with Edith Atwater, Theodore Newton, Robert Harrison. Opening Jan. 28 for two weeks.
"Polonaise" with Jan Kiepura and Marta Eggerth. Music by Chopin. Opening Jan. 28 for two weeks.
"Antigone and the Tyrant" with Katherine Cornell and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. Opening Feb. 4 for two weeks.
"He Who Gets Slapped" with John Abbott, English character actor, and Stella Adler, Beatrice Pearson. FIFTH THEATRE GUILD PLAY. Opening Feb. 11.
Rubinstein in Chopin program. Sun. aft., Feb. 3.
Heifetz, Sun. aft., Feb. 10.
Patrice Munsel, Fri. eve., Feb. 15.
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Harvard Classics Stimulate Ideas Of Youngest Wellesley Undergrad

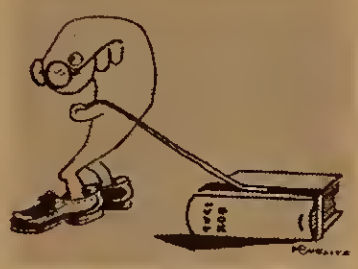
Applegate is Prime Example of Happy, Wholesome Child; "A" in Phil. Quiz Causes No Excitement

"Oh, it's not that I am so smart, it's just that all the other girls here are so dumb," said Wellesley's new undergraduate flame, Samanthia Applegate, as she excitedly decapitated one of her paper dolls. But this smiling nine-year-old, who sat on the edge of her bed swinging her black patent leather mari janes, is not just another slinky sophisticate; she is a wholesome blond-haired, blue-eyed child with the happy air of a frustrated neurotic.

We had thought when Sammy, as her college chums call her, first appeared that she was just another observer from the Page School, but when she got A in her philosophy quiz our curiosity was aroused. We finally found her in Sage, third door down from the vivarium, where she proudly told us how she had been discovered by a talent scout from the publicity office. "I was slightly uneasy about going to college after only two years of grade school," she confessed, "but they said, if Yale could do it, so could Wellesley."

"It all began," sighed Sammy, as we asked her about her vast knowledge, "when Mother joined the Literary Guild, and by some horrible mix-up we were subscribed to the Harvard Classics. It was simply terrible; they came one volume at a time, and every week Mother would open the package expecting *The Manatee*, only to find each time it was only Doctor Eliot."

Her bright eyes sparkled as she went to tell how the family had only four feet of available shelf space, so the extra volumes were put in her room. Even though they didn't have any pictures I grew to love them, said Sammy. "But don't think that I was a one-sided child," she continued, "I often worked in amateur theatricals. I loved



Youngest Wellesley Student

playing in *The Doll's House* best of all.

Sammy's life at Wellesley is not really too happy. She told us sadly that at first the girls had been very kind and invited her to join in their gay pranks; now since they have discovered the only blind dates she could furnish are cub scouts, she has been cruelly ostracized. "But I have found great happiness in the Hygiene department," Sammy said, as she disclosed her intentions of accelerating and taking the five year physical education major in three and one half years.

We had thought that Samanthia would surely have been on *Quiz Kids*, but she rejects the idea scornfully. "I was approached, but I consider that all simply too bourgeois." As we got up to leave (it was growing late, and Sammy's aim with the darts she had been throwing was becoming too good), we wondered what sort of outside interests a child prodigy would have. Sammy gave us a knowing wink and smirked evilly, "I am not that young!"

As You Like It -

(Continued from Page 1)

short cut and disguise as a man.

"Each star having played all the roles, there seems to be a family argument as to which was originally scheduled to play which," says Dr. Horton, the stage manager. Evidently Douglas insists he had the role of Rosalind because it is absurd to think that Shakespeare would go to the trouble of having a woman disguised as a man when a man could so easily play the part. Mildred merely replies. Both director and stage manager agree with both.

Staging effects are to be unusual according to the producers. Steam and hot coals will accompany the line "lover sighing like furnace." (see Act II, Scene VII, line 148) It is reported also that an invisible skeleton will swing over the stage as Douglas and/or Mildred say, "Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

Jinx Rogers, President of Barn, has made this statement concerning the production: 'This is a stepping stone in the History of the Theatre—Shakespeare played as Shakespeare never dreamt it could be. I wash my hands of all responsibility for it. Please park your chewing gum at the door for admission fee."

L. S. A. Society -

(Continued from Page 1)

ried Harry, the custodian, entered the salon. He gasped, his voice thick with emotion and too much Dr. Pepper.

"Miss Grizzley, I'm drinking to forget a woman who is driving me to drink, but now I have forgotten who she is. What shall I do?" Calmly, Miss Grizzley chewed the end from her extra-long, extra-mild, pencil,

"A knotty problem," she remarked, and was quick to reply, "if you will be so kind as to send me ten dollars by Resident Mail, I give you my word, I will think of SOMETHING!" Harried Harry left. Miss Grizzley handed us a letter from one of her former clients, class of '46 at Stone Hall. We quote:

"I am deserately in love with a man ninety years old. The only thing that keeps me from marrying him is that he is a millionaire, and I refuse to marry for money. What shall I do?" After much coaxing, Miss Grizzley agreed to tell us her reply. It was:

"Send us his name and address."

Planning a large mass meeting for next Thursday, at which time L.S.A. will be introduced to the college at large, Miss Grizzley told us some of the functions of this new organization, dealers in feathers for love nests, mothballs for hope chests, and liniment for too, too zealous hugs. She whispered one of the off-record slogans, "Tell us deepest secrets in strictest confidence. Don't be bashful. We don't blush easily." Giving us a hint of some of the more secret work of L.S.A. to be carried on only by charter members, the founder said,

"All letters will be printed in "ALL TOO TRUE STORY" Magazine. Get the thrill of seeing your name in print."

Everyone is strongly urged to attend the mass meeting next week and to join L.S.A., first free society on campus.

Give Me Thurber or Give Me Death—Cries Critic

Critic:

Orchids to the writer of the newest novel to take America by storm! Orchids and camellias and roses that are roses that are roses. Gertrude Stein is the genius of the age, but why state a Stein when one can thrill to Thurber? Yes, Thurber is, and Thurber will be. No doubt and decisively. The title heads the book, and the book is under the title. All of which is as it should be. Who would want the title under the book?

Everything begins in good form, then. We have a title. We have a book. They are in proper relation to each other, and the name of Thurber is a magic name, a name to be reckoned with. He writes words, and words make sentences. Sentences make paragraphs. Paragraphs make books. A novel is born, a triumph triumphs. And somewhere, in a lonely desert, as the sand wipes across the bleak landscape, an Arab is pouring over *The Reader's Digest*. Watch out, little Arab—Mr. Bainbridge will spank.

But to return to the book, the Thurber book, with the greenish cover, *The White Deer* book. It is deeper than you think. Yes, and again yes. Social criticism all over. What happened to those History notes for November sixth? A criticism of society it is, most assuredly. And we can escape neither the criticism nor the society. Perhaps the former, never the latter. Society is always with us—James Thurber sees that; so do we all. Rousseau was right, we are trapped; Rousseau was wrong, we cannot escape. Right and wrong, good and evil, love and hate shine forth in all their irreconcilable torment from the soulful eyes of a Thurber dog.

Might as well leave out the eighteenth century. There might not be a question on it. Ah, but "might not be" is not the viewpoint of Thurber. The message of his novel is "is," "am," "are." The state of being, circular in motion, ever passing, ever present. With what consummate skill the novel gropes toward grandeur, grows to greatness, glides to glory. A moment of silence while we all think through thanks for Thurber. We are, always and ever, but should not be. In a clarion voice, Thurber speaks to our generation. Silver bugle notes in the distance.

"Give me Thurber or give me death!" The small child cries from the darkness. Cry on, small child; for in time, both will come to you. That is the timeless message of the Man of the Hour. The old man, on his deathbed, watches the feeble flame of his stubby candle. Just as the candle, so is his life burning out. "It might at least give forth a wondrous light," he mumbles, "since it cannot last the night." Then he groans in sudden agony, when the mounting pain swells within him. "For the love of unpremeditated art," he shrieks, "put my Thurber book in these wrinkled old hands!"

A book to be reckoned with, a man to respect. Put him down in the annals of time, may his name be writ in gold. Then let the comic dance proceed. A comic dance indeed, this endless repetition of moving men and women, the whole cyclic procession of progression, retrogression, and delusive obsession. Thurber sees. He writes. His book is bound and published. Its pages breathe vitality and knowing laughter.

Laugh with him, chuckle deeply, but remember—you laugh at yourself. "And the sprits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us."* Harken to the voice of Turber—harken, and tremble, lest laughter turn to gall.

* *Can* you put a footnote on Life?

Faculty Changes Curriculum For Honorables

Miss Virginia Onderdonk, Chairman of the Faculty Committee on Curriculum announces the following changes in the honors program available to those seniors who have made an average of E or above. These changes were introduced in order to make the honors program more attractive to elegible students. At present, only an embarrassed few take advantage of their opportunities.

It is to be understood that the following comprises the long awaited Part II of the Committee's report on curriculum changes. The delay in its presentation to the Body arises from a dispute between the Blues and the Greys over the field. Everyone knows that the field is special. As for thte Blues and the Greys, when quizzed about this, Miss Onderdonk merely said, "It ain't fitten fer you to know."

The program for the senior year for those students electing to take the honors programs will be constituted thus: Each girl will take the following prescribed course: Speech 101—six hours. (There will be no exam in this course. In order to pass, each student must display a throat. That is all.) Geology 101, six hours. (This course meets in a seminar each week on Saturday night. Students will be given a stimulating survey of petrified plants, calcified crabs, and other famous fossils from the prolific past. The exams will consist of a treasure hunt in an Arizona desert. The student finding the

Doc. Torbert -

(Continued from Page 1)

man sleeping in the coal bin of Pendleton, she will kindly notify the Inflammation Desk ("We Hate Bureaucracy"). Dr. Norbert Z. Torbert has been missing in the sub-basement since the night of the lecture. Was he got by a "gat"??

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